

CAPTAIN AMERICA  
THE SUB MARINER

ALL

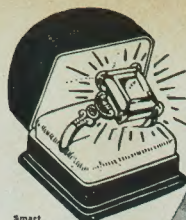
NO.  
15

SPRING  
ISSUE

10¢

# WINNERS





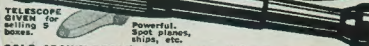
Smart, brilliant, sterling silver BIRTHSTONE RING, correct for your month. GIVEN for selling 5 boxes.

# GIVEN

## Your Choice of Valuable GIFTS OR CASH

Given for selling new Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner at 25c each and returning the money collected as per our free Gift catalog-circular. Send coupon for order to start. Dozens of useful gifts offered.

LADIES' SHEER RAYON HOSIERY GIVEN for selling 5 boxes.



TELESCOPE GIVEN for selling 5 boxes.

Powerful Spot planes, ships, etc.

GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS Dept. E-342 Jefferson, Iowa



LEATHER BILLFOLD—full size—good looking. GIVEN for selling 5 boxes.



TRUE LOVE LOCKET space for 2 pictures, inside 1 1/2 inch chain. GIVEN for selling 10 boxes.



Beautiful simulated PEARL EARRINGS. GIVEN for selling 5 boxes.

Enclose this coupon in an envelope or paste it on a postcard and send it to GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-342, Jefferson, Iowa, for order to start.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....State.....



# PERFUME COSTUME ENSEMBLE

## Colorful Necklace \$1.00 Each

## Bracelet and Earrings Or All 3 For \$2.79

Here is Romance Glorified. Your choice of 6 lovely colors in a necklace, bracelet and earrings all matching in beauty of rich, exotic color and perfume that attracts lovers and mystifies friends. Each bead is artistically designed like a miniature rosebud and exudes a delicate, intriguing perfume at all times.

**SEND NO MONEY** Ten Days Trial. Let us know what color you want. Your package sent immediately and you pay the postman only \$1.00 each or all three articles are only \$2.79 plus 20% Federal Tax and a few cents mailing cost on arrival. Supplies limited.

**GIVEN** For Promptness

Purse size plastic case of exotic, solid PERFUME given for promptness if you order the complete ensemble of earrings, bracelet and necklace.



EMPIRE DIAMOND CO.

Dept. 67-NL Jefferson, Iowa

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 67-NL Jefferson, Iowa

Please send me the New, Perfume-Costume Jewelry as marked:  
Necklace..... Bracelet..... Earrings.....  
If I order all 3 of the above I am to be given your purse size plastic case filled with solid perfume. I understand I can return my purchase any time within 10 days for any reason and you will refund promptly.

NAME.....  
Address.....  
City.....State.....

COLOR  
Rose Red  
Tulip Pink  
Fern Green  
Sage Green  
Lavender Blue  
Daffodil Yellow  
Orchid  
State.....



# New ENLARGEMENT

Just to Get Acquainted We Will Beautifully Enlarge Your Favorite Snapshot, Photo, Kodak Picture, Print or Negative to 5 x 7 Inches If You Enclose the Coupon and a 3 Cent Stamp for Return Mailing!



Everyone admires pictures in natural colors because the surroundings and loved ones are so true to life, just the way they looked when the pictures were taken, so we want you to know also about our gorgeous colored enlargements. Think of having that small picture or snapshot enlarged to 5 by 7-inch size so that the details and features you love are more life-like and natural. Over one million men and women have sent us their favorite snapshots and pictures for enlarging. Thousands write us how much they also enjoy their remarkably true-to-life, natural colored enlargements we have sent them in handsome black and gold, or ivory and gold frames.

You are now given a wonderful opportunity to receive a beautiful enlargement of your cherished snapshot, photo or Kodak picture. Please include the color of hair and eyes and get our new bargain offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural lifelike oil colors and sent on approval. Your original is returned with your enlargement. This amazing enlargement offer is our way of getting acquainted and letting you know the quality of our work. Send today as supplier are limited.

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1191, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa

Enclose this coupon with your favorite snapshot, picture or negative and send to DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1191, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa.

Name.....Color of Hair.....  
Address.....Color of Eyes.....  
City.....State.....

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# SUB-MARINER



A STRANGE MESSAGE! AN INVENTION THAT IS AN INVITATION TO DEATH! CRIMINAL LIPS SEALED IN SILENCE!.... SUCH IS THE BAFFLING CASE INTO WHICH THE DAUNTLESS **SUBMARINER** PLUNGES, IMPERILING HIS LIFE TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF  
"THE MAN WHO KILLED HIMSELF"

**SUBMARINER RACES ALONGSIDE  
A SPEEDBOAT OWNED BY HIS  
FRIEND, ROY WINTERS...**

I'LL TURN HER  
BACK NOW!  
FAST, ISN'T  
SHE?

TERRIFIC,  
ROY!  
FASTEST  
THING ON  
WATER!

**AS THE CRAFT DOCKS...**

WHAT DID IT?  
ANOTHER  
INVENTION  
OF YOURS?

YES I EXPERMENTED  
FOR MONTHS! WORKED  
ALONE WITHOUT EVEN A BLUE-  
PRINT AND FINALLY HIT ON IT!  
A SUPER-SPEED ENGINE  
ATTACHMENT! YOU'RE THE  
FIRST ONE I'M SHOWING IT  
TO... COME ON!!

HERE IT IS!!  
THIS AFTERNOON, I'M TAKING  
A WEALTHY FINANCIER ON BOARD  
FOR ANOTHER TEST-RUN! HE'LL  
BACK MY INVENTION-ONCE HE  
SEES HOW GOOD IT IS! HOW  
ABOUT COMING ALONG?

SURE!  
WHY  
NOT?

WE'RE STARTING  
FROM THE  
MILL STREET  
PIER AT 2  
O'CLOCK!!

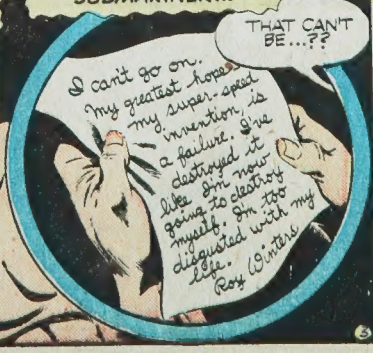
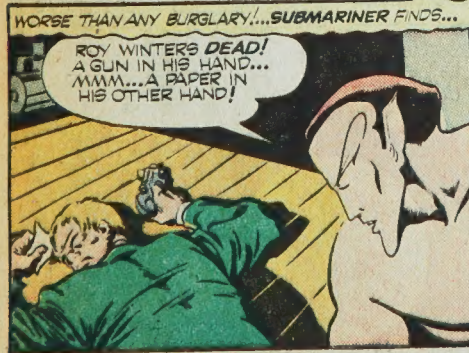
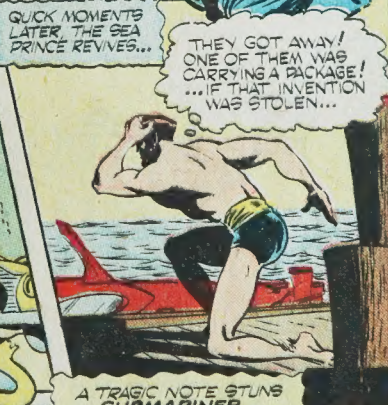
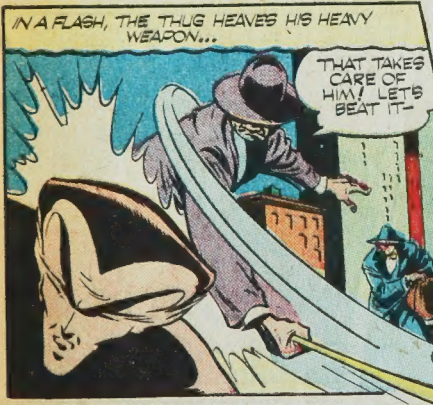
IT'S  
A  
DATE!

A FEW  
MINUTES  
BEFORE  
TWO...

THERE'S ROY'S  
BOAT... MMM...THOSE  
MEN! THEY SEEM  
TO HAVE COME  
FROM IT! WHY  
ARE THEY  
RUNNING?

SO! THEY ARE UP  
TO SOMETHING! I'M  
GETTING IN ON THIS!

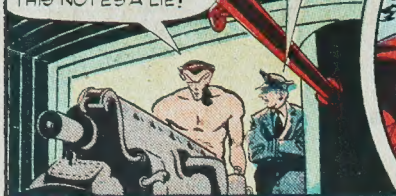




WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE...

WINTERS' INVENTION WAS A SUCCESS. NOW, IT'S GONE! IT MUST HAVE BEEN STOLEN, PROBABLY TO BE SOLD AT A BIG PRICE! THIS NOTE'S A LIE!

IT'S IN HIS OWN HANDWRITING—AND THE GUN'S BEEN IDENTIFIED AS HIS OWN!



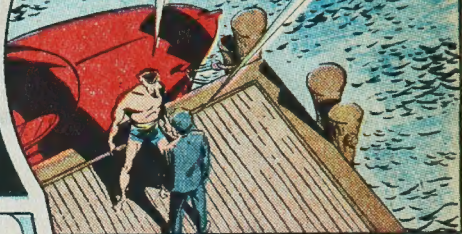
NO-ONE BUT MYSELF AND WINTERS!

THERE YOU ARE! HOW DO YOU KNOW THERE WASN'T SOMETHING BASICALLY WRONG WITH IT? IT ONLY HAD A TRIAL RUN!



HE MUST HAVE BEEN FORCED TO WRITE THAT NOTE!

YOU'RE GOING ON THEORY **SUBMARINER**! WHAT PROOF HAVE YOU GOT? WHO'S EVEN SEEN THIS INVENTION?



I DON'T THINK SO, I'LL DROP AROUND TO BETTY'S OFFICE AND GIVE HER DESCRIPTION OF THE INVENTION! IF HER PAPER CARRIES IT, A POSSIBLE BUYER MIGHT SEE IT AND...

I'M CLOSING THIS CASE, NAMOR! I THINK YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME!



SLUGGER SCOOTS INTO BETTY'S OFFICE, LEAVING A MESSAGE...

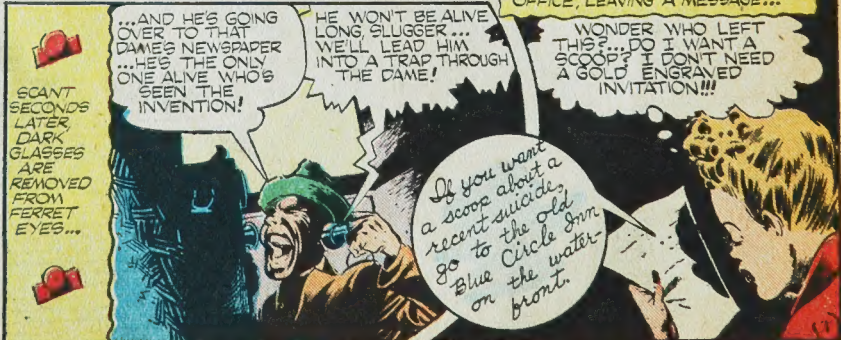
...AND HE'S GOING OVER TO THAT DAME'S NEWSPAPER... HE'S THE ONLY ONE ALIVE WHO'S SEEN THE INVENTION!

HE WON'T BE ALIVE LONG, SLUGGER... WE'LL LEAD HIM INTO A TRAP THROUGH THE DAME!

WONDER WHO LEFT THIS?... DO I WANT A SCOOP? I DON'T NEED A GOLD ENGRAVED INVITATION!!!

SCANT SECONDS LATER, DARK GLASSES ARE REMOVED FROM FERRET EYES...

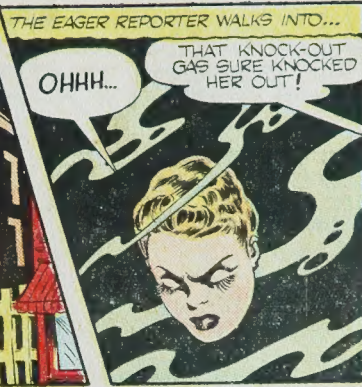
If you want a scoop about a recent suicide, go to the old Circle Inn, Blue the water-front.







THE BLUE CIRCLE'S BEEN CLOSED FOR MONTHS! LOOKS LIKE A GRAND PLACE TO FIND A BODY... SOMETHING TELLS ME I'M WALKING INTO A BIG STORY!



THE EAGER REPORTER WALKS INTO...

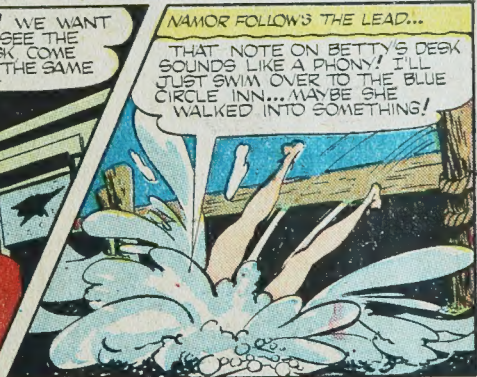
OH...H...

THAT KNOCK-OUT GAS SURE KNOCKED HER OUT!



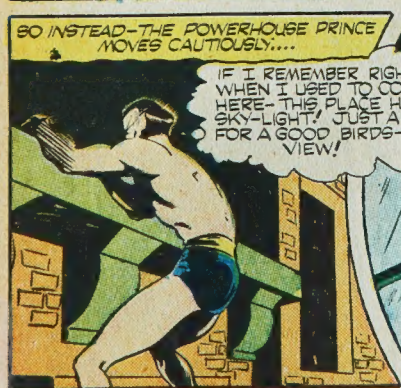
WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME?

WE DON'T WANT YOU! WE WANT **SUBMARINER**... HE'LL SEE THE MESSAGE ON YOUR DESK, COME HERE-AND WALK INTO THE SAME THING!



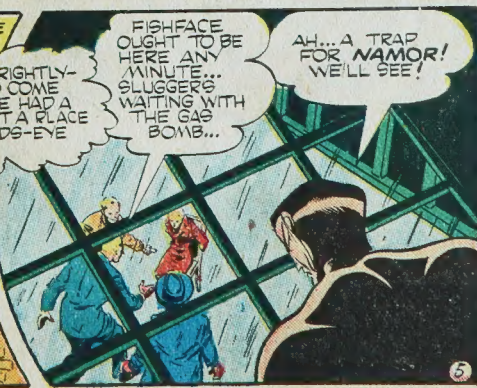
NAMOR FOLLOWS THE LEAD...

THAT NOTE ON BETTY'S DESK SOUNDS LIKE A PHONY! I'LL JUST SWIM OVER TO THE BLUE CIRCLE INN... MAYBE SHE WALKED INTO SOMETHING!



SO INSTEAD-**THE POWERHOUSE PRINCE** MOVES CAUTIOUSLY...

IF I REMEMBER RIGHTLY- WHEN I USED TO COME HERE- THIS PLACE HAD A SKY-LIGHT! JUST A PLACE FOR A GOOD BIRDS-EYE VIEW!



FISHFACE OUGHT TO BE HERE ANY MINUTE... SLUGGER'S WAITING WITH THE GAS BOMB...

AH... A TRAP FOR **NAMOR**! WE'LL SEE!

A SPLIT SECOND LATER THE  
PEERLESS PRINCE PLUNGES THROUGH

YOU  
WEASELS  
BATTED  
YOURSELVES!

CRASH

SOCK!!!

THE GUN MADE YOU  
BRAVE! HOW'S YOUR  
MORALE NOW?

YIOW!

SMASH!

THAT'S THAT!  
BUT THERE'S  
BUSINESS  
AHEAD!!

WHEW!  
OHH...

YOU WITH  
THE GAS BOMB--  
GET A WHIFF OF  
THIS!!

PLOP!

SOON!

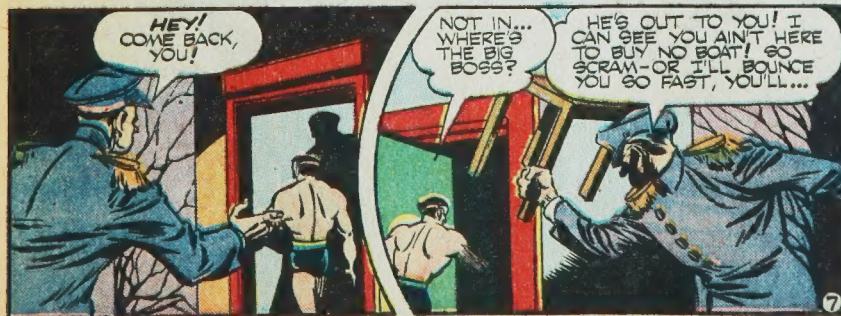
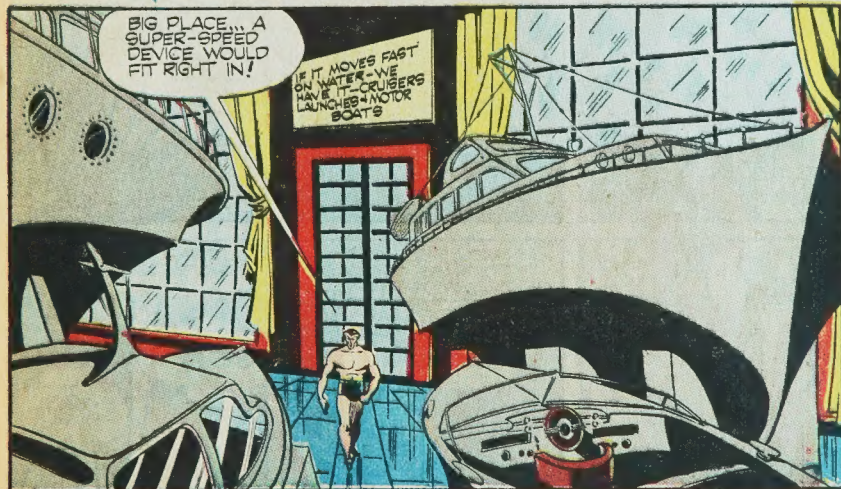
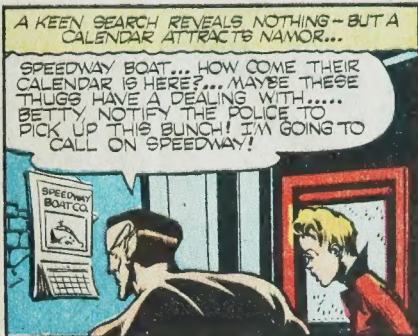
WHO ARE  
YOU WORKING FOR?  
WHERE'S THE STOLEN  
INVENTION? TALK--  
AND FAST!

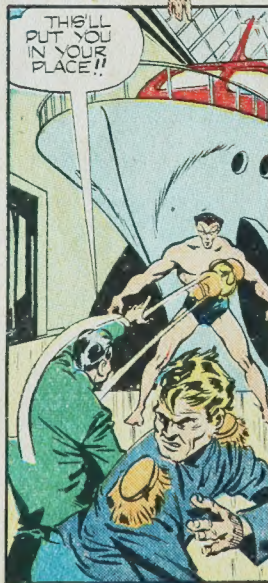
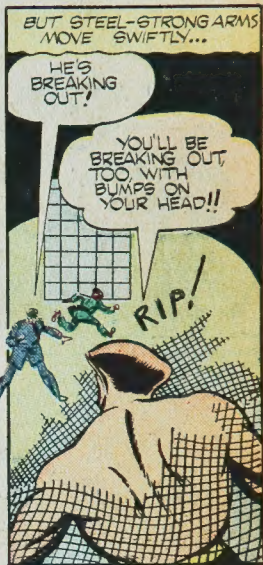
HITTIN' US WON'T  
HELP YOU! WE  
KNOW NOTHIN'!

THEN WHY  
DID YOU  
WANT TO  
KILL ME?

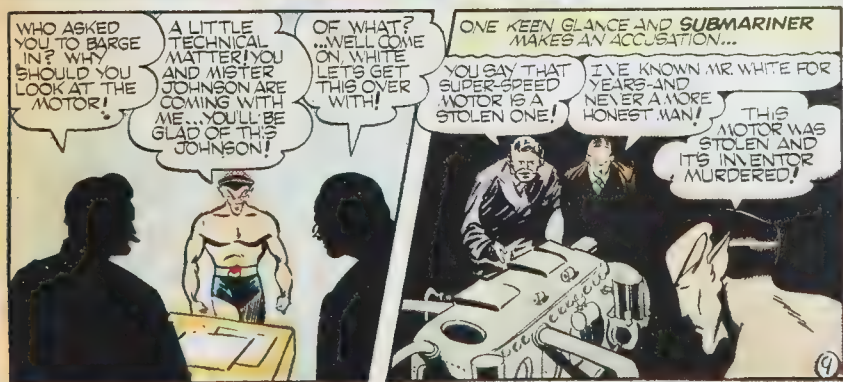
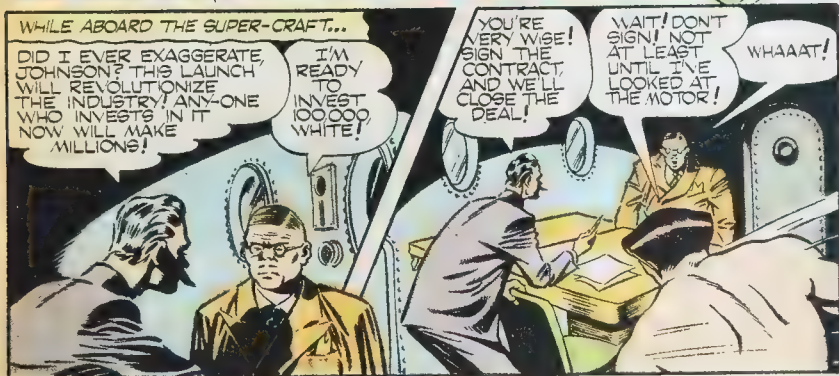
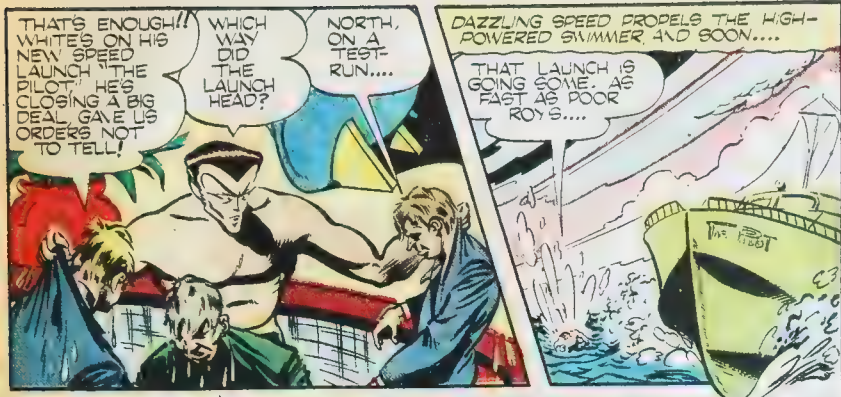
THE HEAD GUY  
PHONED US  
WITH ORDERS  
TO GET YOU  
OUT OF THE  
WAY! IT'S ALL  
WE KNOW!

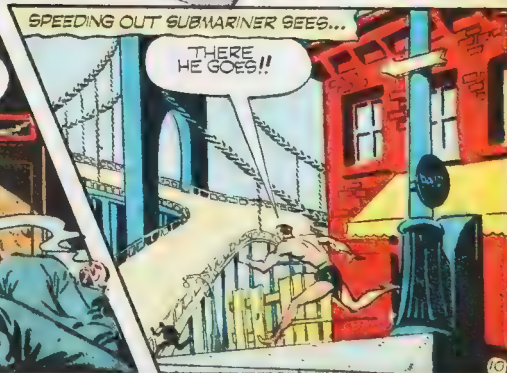
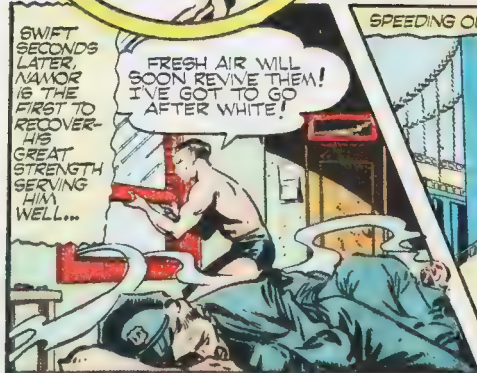
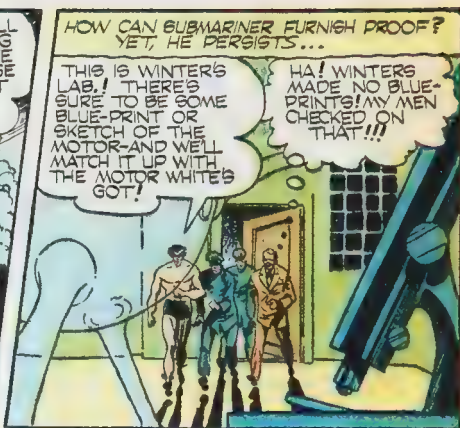
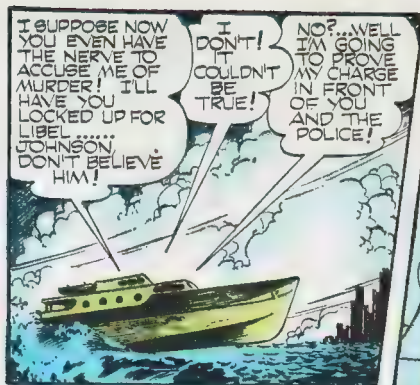














AS THE SEA PRINCE GAINS ON HIM, THE FUGITIVE  
ENCOUNTERS NEW PERIL AHEAD...

POLICE! THEY MUST  
BE AFTER ME TOO!  
AND I CAN'T GO  
BACK...

THERE'S  
ONLY  
ONE  
THING  
TO DO...

HE'S JUMPED  
OFF! RIGHT IN MY  
ELEMENT-WATER!

HIS GOOSE  
IS COOKED  
NOW!

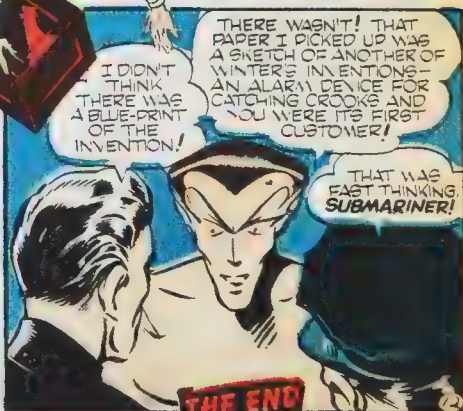
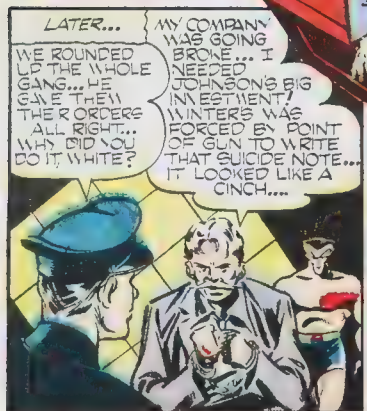
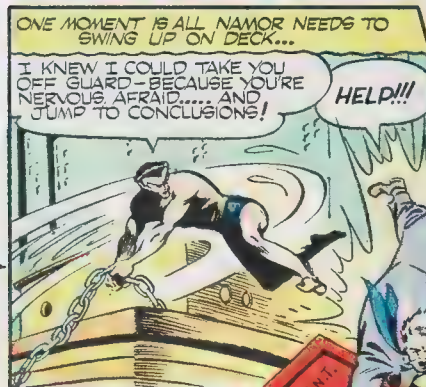
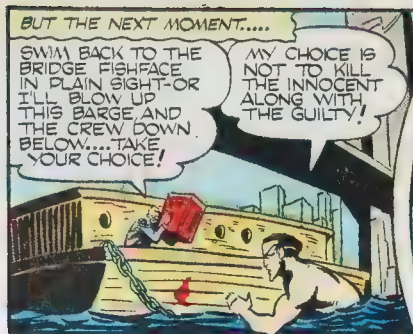
BUT...

WHERE'D  
HE GO?

WHAT DO YOU  
WANT, HERE?  
GET OFF THIS—

YOU'RE  
THE ONE,  
GETTING  
OFF!

SMACK!





# CAPTAIN AMERICA



A BRAZEN, BOASTING MURDERER FLINGS A CHALLENGE TO CAPTAIN AMERICA, WHO ACCEPTS IT WITH FISTS AND THE PUZZLE OF FLASHING THAT "KILLER LUPO" AND HIS MASKED TRIO OF DEATH!

A GRIM AND DETERMINED CAPTAIN AMERICA AND HIS PAL, BUCKY, PATROL A PANICKED CITY, IN A POLICE CAR...!!!

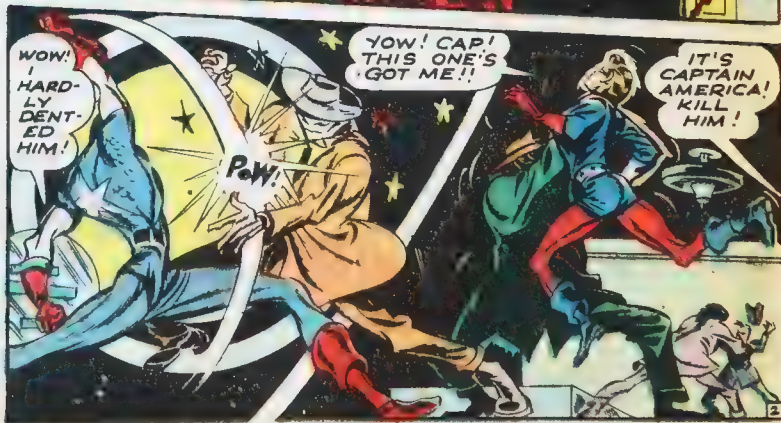
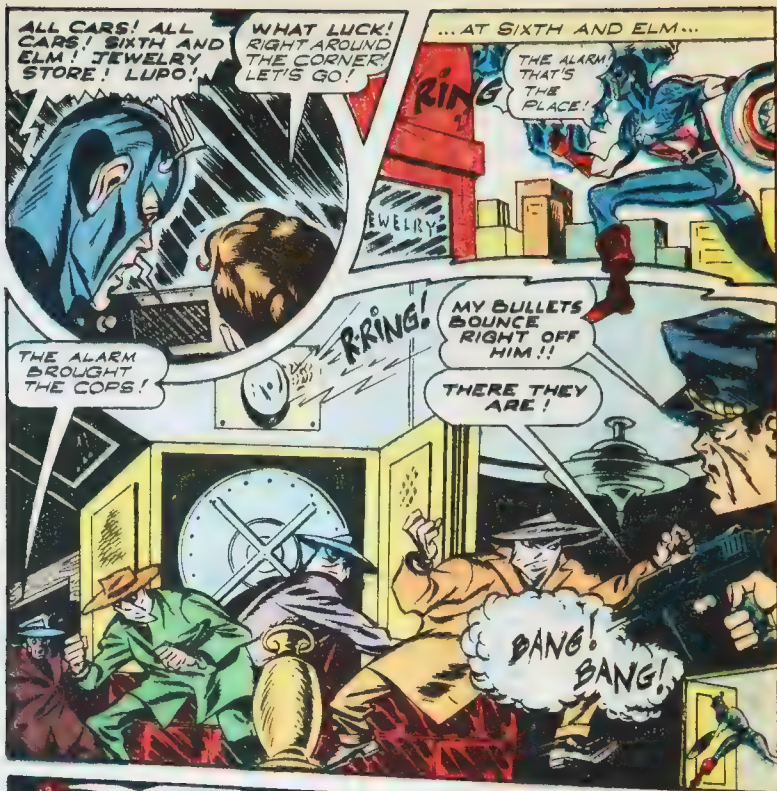
GOSH! THAT'S ELEVEN PEOPLE MURDERED BY THIS LUPO AND HIS THREE GIANT MUGS-- COUNTING THE LAST THREE IN THE LAST BANK STICKUP!

THERE WON'T BE ANY MORE LAD IF WE CAN HELP IT!

THAT'S WHY I HAD THE POLICE LEND US THIS PROWL CAR! WE'LL KNOW-- THE MOMENT LUPO STRIKES AGAIN!

CAP!! SOMETHING'S COMING IN!!



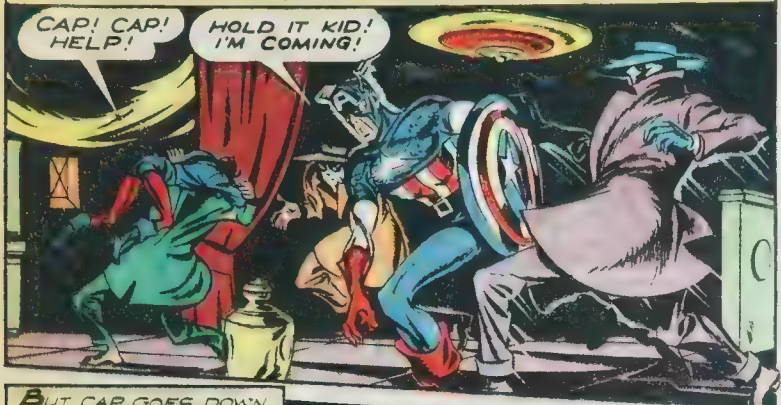




... AS CAPTAIN AMERICA TURNS TO GO TO BUCKY'S AID, THE TWO OTHER MASKED GIANTS TURN ON HIM!

CAP! CAP!  
HELP!

HOLD IT KID!  
I'M COMING!



BUT CAP GOES DOWN UNDER THE COMBINED WEIGHT OF THE TWO GIANT BODIES-- HITTING HIS HEAD ON A CORNER OF A SHOWCASE!!

CRACK!!

CRASH!

HERE COME MORE COPS!  
NEVER MIND HIM! BRING THE YOUNG ONE AND FOLLOW ME OUT THE BACK WAY!

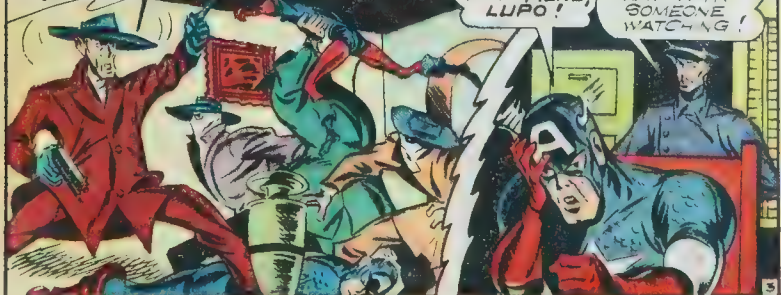
OH!

LATER-- WITH THE STUNNED CAP RECOVERED...

WHEEEEEEE

POOR BUCKY!  
A VICTIM OF THAT FIEND, LUPO!

I DON'T KNOW HOW THEY GOT A WAY WITH SOMEONE WATCHING!



LATER...IN LUPO'S HIDEOUT...

DON'T YOU SEE--IF YOU WRITE THE NOTE--CAP WON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION! HE'LL FIGURE I'M DEAD!

YOU'RE RIGHT! YOU WRITE THE NOTE!

NO TRICKS OR I'LL BLAST YOU! GO AHEAD AND WRITE!

IT WORKED! HOPE CAP GETS THE CODE!

YOU BRAT! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THE WISE CRACKS? I TOLD YOU WHAT TO SAY!

AW! HAVEN'T YOU GOT A SENSE OF HUMOR? THAT'S THE WAY I TALK! CAP WOULD BE SUSPICIOUS OTHER WISE!

GUESS IT'S O.K! AND DON'T TRY TO GET OUT! MY THREE BOYS ARE GUARDING THE DOORS AND WINDOWS!

WHEW! I THOUGHT I MUFFED MY CHANCE!!

HOURS LATER--AN EXHAUSTED CAPTAIN AMERICA RETURNS TO POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS AFTER VAINLY SCOURING THE CITY IN SEARCH OF A CLUE!

ONE OF MY PATROLMEN FOUND THIS NOTE STICKING OUT OF THE CALL BOX ON HIS BEAT!

CAP--LUPO IS HOLDING ME AS HOSTAGE! IDEA IS FOR YOU TO LAY OFF! SAYS IT'S HEARTS AND FLOURS FOR YOURS TRULY IF YOU HAVE ANY MORE TRUK WITH TRYING TO CATCH HIM AND HIS MEN!

--Bucky



**NO! THAT WON'T DO!**  
LUPO IS TOO CLEVER TO HAVE LEFT THE NOTE ANYWHERE NEAR HIS HIDEOUT!

BUCKY WAS TRYING TO TELL ME SOMETHING! HE CERTAINLY CAN SPELL BETTER THAN THAT! GOOD GOSH! I HAVE IT!

THE WORDS "FLOW-  
ERS" AND "TRUCK" ARE  
PURPOSELY SPOelled  
WRONG! HURRY CHIEF!  
THAT'S THE CLUE! GET  
ON THE PHONE!

[illegible]

YOU WANT  
ME TO SEND  
OUT MEN TO  
COVER EVERY  
FLORIST IN  
TOWN ?

YES! AND IF THEY  
SPOT ANYTHING  
SUSPICIOUS--NOT  
TO DO ANYTHING  
BUT TO **REPORT**  
IMMEDIATELY! I  
DON'T WANT BUCKY  
HARMED!

HOURS  
LATER--  
AS THE  
FINAL RE-  
PORT COMES  
IN...

NOT A  
THING CHIEF!  
EVERY FLOW-  
ER SHOP  
WAS CHECKED!

WELL--I  
GUESS IT  
WAS A  
FALSE CLUE'

HMMM...

ATER...

**I'M SURE A  
TRUCK IS THE  
RIGHT CLUE!  
WAIT! MAY-  
BE IT  
WAS A  
HIRED  
TRUCK!**

WITH HOPE STRONG AGAIN, CAP QUICKLY SEARCHES THE DIRECTORY FOR NAMES OF GARAGES WHICH HIRE OUT TRUCKS FOR PUBLIC USES..... AFTER HEARTBREAKING DIS-APPOINTMENT AT THE FIRST FIVE.....

... AND AT 26 SOUTH STREET....

THERE'S THE TRUCK! NOW I KNOW HOW THEY GET AWAY FROM THE SCENE OF ROBBERY!

YEAH! A BLOKE BY THE NAME OF SMITH HIRES ONE OF OUR TRUCKS FOR A FLORIST SHOP OVER ON SOUTH STREET!

THANKS!



CLEVER BLIND FOR A HIDEOUT!

YES? DID YOU WISH TO BUY SOME FLOWERS?

SORRY! WE DON'T HAVE MUCH OF A SELECTION!... -- WHAT TH--!!

YOU MAY BE A CLEVER MURDERER LUPO-- BUT YOU'RE A ROTTEN HAND AT DISGUISE!

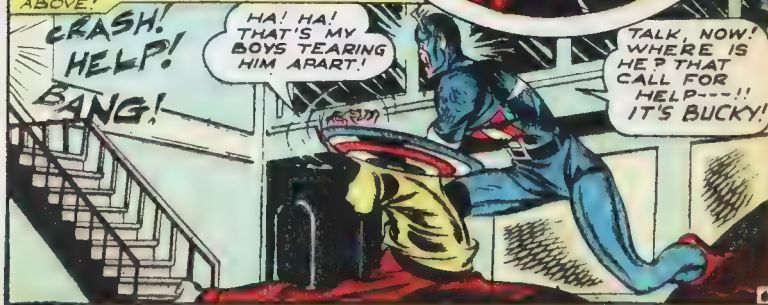


SUDDENLY, WILD CALLS FOR HELP AND A TERRIFIC DIN OF SMASHED FURNITURE AND BEASTLY GROWLS ARE HEARD FROM ABOVE!

CRASH!  
HELP!  
BANG!

HA! HA! THAT'S MY BOYS TEARING HIM APART!

TALK, NOW! WHERE IS HE? THAT CALL FOR HELP---!! IT'S BUCKY!

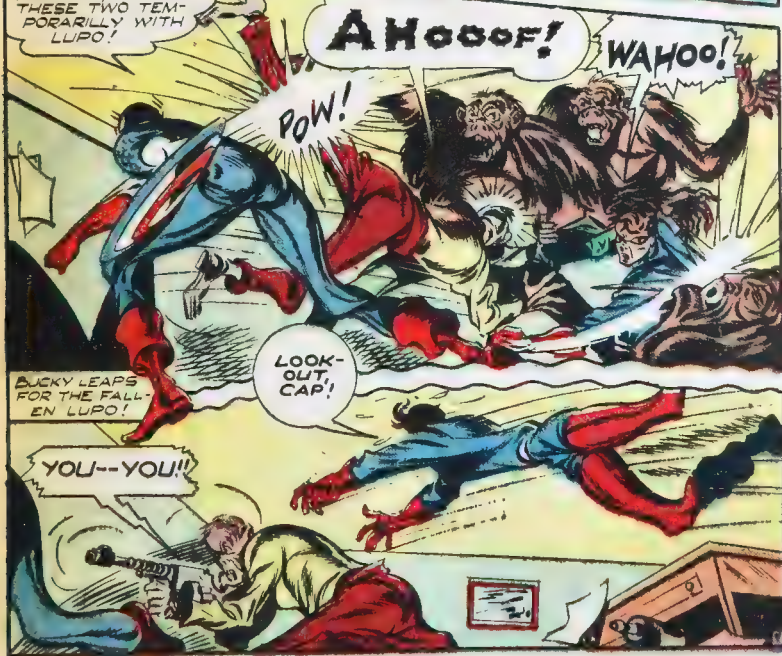




CAPTAIN AMERICA RACES TOWARDS BUCKY'S CRY, STILL RETAINING HIS HOLD ON LUPO!



WATCH THE THIRD  
ONE LAD, I'LL STOP  
THESE TWO TEM-  
PORARILLY WITH  
LUPO!

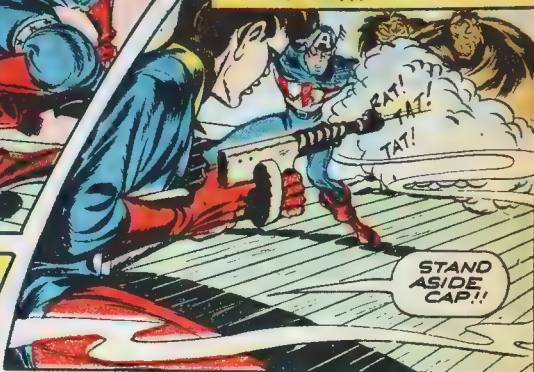




OOOFF!

NO YOU DON'T!!!  
I OWE YOU THIS  
MASSAGE AND MORE!

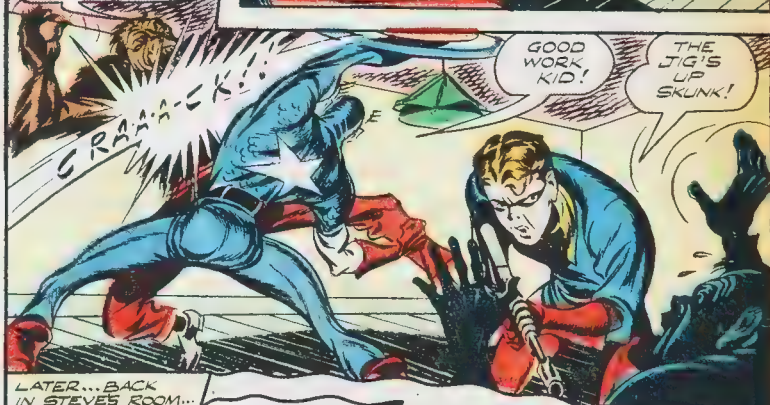
ALMOST IN THE SAME MOTION,  
THE RESOURCEFUL BUCKY  
SWEEPS UP LUPO'S FALLEN  
GUN AND SPRAYS THE MONS-  
TROUS APES WITH A LEADEN  
DEATH!!!



RAT!  
TAT!  
TAT!

STAND  
ASIDE  
CAP!!

CAPTAIN AMERICA AC-  
COUNTS FOR THE  
LAST OF THE GREAT  
APES!

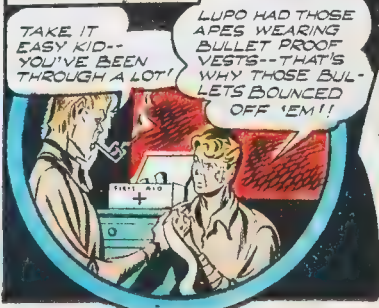


CRACK!!

GOOD  
WORK,  
KID!

THE JIG'S  
UP  
SKUNK!

LATER...BACK  
IN STEVE'S ROOM...



TAKE IT  
EASY KID--  
YOU'VE BEEN  
THROUGH A LOT!

LUPO HAD THOSE  
APES WEARING  
BULLET PROOF  
VESTS--THAT'S  
WHY THOSE BUL-  
LETS BOUNCED  
OFF 'EM!!



YOU  
SHOULD'VE  
SEEN THOSE APES  
OBEY LUPO---AW!--  
MUST I--?

YES! AND  
PLENTY OF  
REST! INTO  
BED NOW!

The End



# A STRANGE STORY

I STILL have a few moments before my trial starts. I am on trial for murder. For a murder I didn't commit. They say I killed Dan Jordan. There's plenty of evidence against me. Everyone in town knows that Jordan and I were enemies. We hated each other as kids and it grew worse when we went to college. I hated him when he was alive. Now that he is dead, I still hate him. But I didn't kill him.

It's like they said in the papers. I went into the old Tyler place with Dan and they found me there with his corpse. But I'm getting ahead of my story. I'll begin where it should rightly start.

Let's go back—oh—about fifteen years. Dan and I were the same age. We lived next door to each other, but unlike most kids we weren't very friendly.

One day my uncle gave me a bow and arrow for a present. When you're ten years old, a thing like that is very important. The other kids all admired it and I came in for my share of hero worship that day. Then Dan came along.

He watched for a few seconds and then. "Think you're pretty smart with that, don't you?"

"None of your business."

"Now it's my business," he said. He grabbed the bow from my hands and broke it in half. Broke it! I went wild! With tears streaming, I flew at him.

But although right was on my side, he beat me into a bloody mess. He beat me unmercifully. The he left me whimpering and crying, with my broken bow.

\* \* \* \* \*

I STARTED hating Dan Jordan then. Hating him with all my heart. In school he wasn't even a bright scholar. On the other hand, I worked hard and studied hard and always stood at the head of the class. Jordan never forgave me for that. He never let an opportunity pass without saying or doing something to hurt me. I was afraid of him. The beating he had given me left its mark.

I won, and accepted a scholarship to State U. I thought I had at last lost Jordan. But when I was entering my sophomore year, he turned

up at school. Once again he started making life unbearable for me.

Whenever the chance arose, he mocked me. His sneers and laughter rang in my ears. He made me appear a ridiculous, fumbling jelly fish of a man. But I kept silent because I feared the power of his hard fists.

It went on that way for the rest of my college career. I could trace many unhappy lonesome hours directly to Dan Jordan. My class mates saw that I was afraid of him. They mocked and shunned me as a coward.

After I graduated, I took the bar examinations, and opened my law office right here in the town where I have spent my whole life.

\* \* \* \* \*

THEN I met Ellen Gray. Ellen was pretty and charming. I fell in love with her and hoped that someday we'd get married. But that dream too, was shattered by the return of Dan Jordan. As soon as he learned that I was interested in Ellen, he stepped in and took her away from me. As easily as that. Later, Dan became a big shot in the Bank. He and Ellen were married and I was left nursing the bitter hate I had always held for Dan.

Now you can see that I had cause to hate Dan Jordan, don't you? Well, I'm nearly at the end of my story. An ending which is another victory for Jordan even though he is dead. His hand is reaching out from beyond the grave and dragging me to disgrace—and the electric chair.

He is the hero and I am the cowardly murderer. You read all about it. This whole business wound up in the country club. Dan and I were both members—but I avoided him carefully. A meeting, however, was inevitable. One Sunday afternoon, I was entering the locker room when I heard Dan's voice above the chatter. I would have turned back but it was too late. Someone called me.

The boys were talking about the old Tyler house. Somebody had brought up the mystery of the two tramps who'd been found dead there one morning. Both men were strangled. The police decided that they'd been killed in a fight. But there were a lot of loose ends which no one was ever able to tie together. The deaths were the topic for many bull sessions.

Plenty of theories as to how it happened were flying back and forth. Then Ed Walton, who edits the Clarion, said:

"Boys, we're beating around the bush. You all know that the gossip is that the tramps were done in by supernatural means."

THE usual scoffing laugh went up. But that thought had been in our minds. There were those who were supposed to have seen strange lights in the Tyler place. In fact, it was common talk that the house was haunted. Ever since Matt Tyler had strangled his wife and then hanged himself, nobody had lived there. Everyone in town would gladly walk an extra block to avoid the house at night.

Walton said: "No one has stayed in the place since the tramps were found dead. And no tenant has rented the house since the Matt Tyler business. That site is a valuable one and if we can smash the jinx once and for all, it'll be a good thing for the town. 'The Clarion' will pay fifty dollars apiece to any two men who will sleep in the Tyler house all night."

Just as I knew it would be, Jordan came out with: "You're on, Ed. Who'll go with me?"

As if I were prodded I said, "I'll go. I'll spend the night there."

Dan grinned nastily, "I'd prefer a braver companion," he sneered, "but it will be a show to watch you jump at every noise."

Ed made the arrangements. We were to meet him at five minutes before midnight outside the house. He would have the keys, bringing flashlights and blankets for us. Ed was to lock us in and release us at six o'clock the next morning.

I left the club and went home. I was nervous and jumpy. I became so excited, that when I went down the cellar, I fell down stairs and sprained my right wrist. I wanted to back out of the whole mess but couldn't. I had to go through with it. My wrist throbbed and ached but I went on to the rendezvous.

I didn't tell Dan and Ed anything about my injury. They were already there when I arrived.

"I thought you'd turned yellow as usual," mocked Dan

"Well, I'm here."

"Come on boys," said Walton. "It's time."

The three of us walked to the house. It was an eerie looking place. It assumed an almost fantastic shape in the uncertain moonlight.

Ed turned to us, "I'll lock you in now. This door is the only exit. The windows are all shuttered. I'll be back for you in the morning. So long." He unlocked the door and we walked in.

In a few moments Dan and I were alone. Ed closed the door. The key grated in the lock. Dan flicked on his flashlight.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE bright shaft cut the darkness. A huge room yawned before us. It was empty of furniture, and the ceilings were hung with cobwebs. Jordan swung his light around. A whirring sound came from above as a bat was disturbed by this intrusion of his lair. Scurrying noises told us that rats were changing their hiding places. The air was rancid. Death seemed to be rooted in the very boards of this gruesome house.

His face, weird in the torchlight, Dan turned to me. A crooked smile twisted his mouth.

"Now you," he said coldly, "you better get hold of yourself. We're going to stay the night, and I don't want any trouble from you."

I nodded. Hatred and fear of him flared up in me.

He went on, his voice reverberating in the emptiness, "Besides, there's nothing here to frighten even a coward like you."

I didn't say anything. Dan moved a few feet further into the room. Then . . . it happened! He screamed once. His flash waved wildly. He choked and gasped. The light fell to the floor and shattered. I snapped mine on.

I saw Dan on the floor. He was kicking, groaning, squirming, tearing at his throat as though trying to rip some unseen hand from it. His face blackened and bloody froth flecked his lips. Then with a final convulsive heave he lay still. I knew he was dead. Dead before my eyes. I turned and ran wildly trying to find some way out of the mad-house. But there was none. The door was locked and the windows barred and shuttered from the outside. I was alone with the corpse of my enemy.

I guess I fainted. The next thing I knew it was daylight. Dan still lay grotesquely dead. A key turned in the lock. Ed stepped into the room. He took one look and then grabbed me. I was arrested for Dan's murder.

I didn't kill Dan. I couldn't have with a sprained wrist. He was too strong. But the autopsy showed he had been strangled to death. They said I had sprained my wrist in the struggle with him.

Who killed Dan? I don't know. It's just as I told you. It was the same thing that killed the tramps. Maybe old Matt Tyler doesn't want to be disturbed.

It's time now—I must go.

THE END



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GIRL MAGAZINE

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The

# WHIZZER

in

"LIGHTNING  
STRIKES  
TWICE!"



I

IN THE MID-  
WEST A GANG  
OF DESPERATE  
AND CLEVER  
LIFERS ESCAPE  
FROM A  
PENITENTARY!



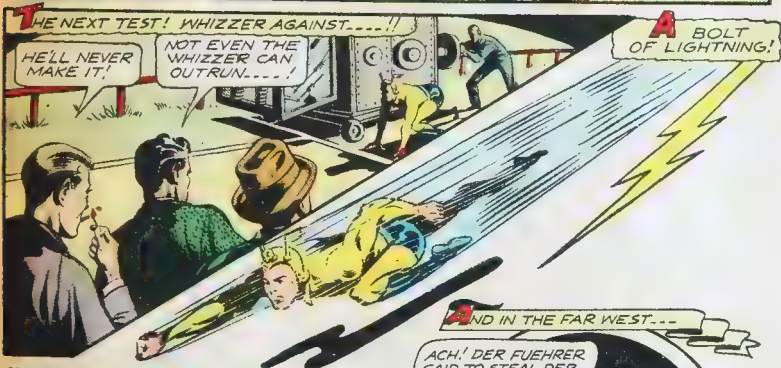
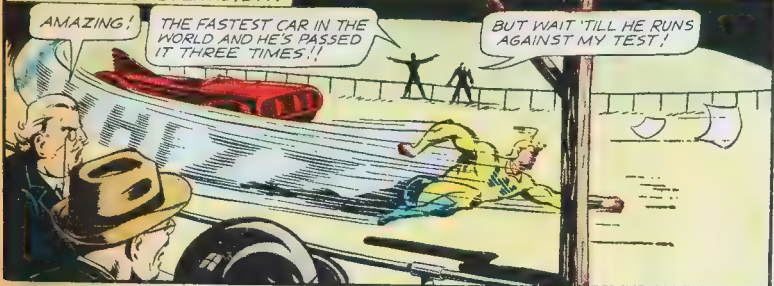
STOP! OR  
WE SHOOT!

STEP ON IT,  
GANG!



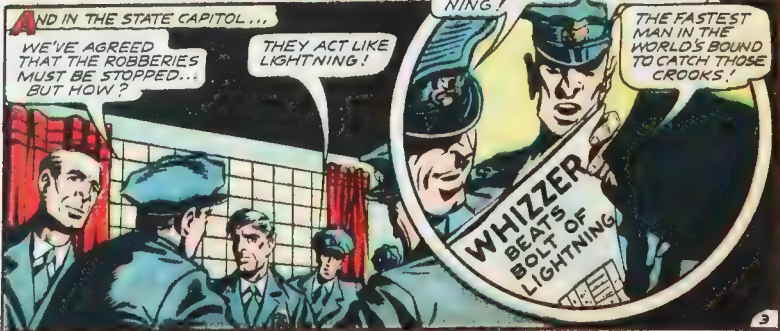


**I**N THE EAST, THE WHIZZER IS DEMONSTRATING HIS AMAZING SPEED TO A GROUP OF DUMBFOUNDED SCIENTISTS...



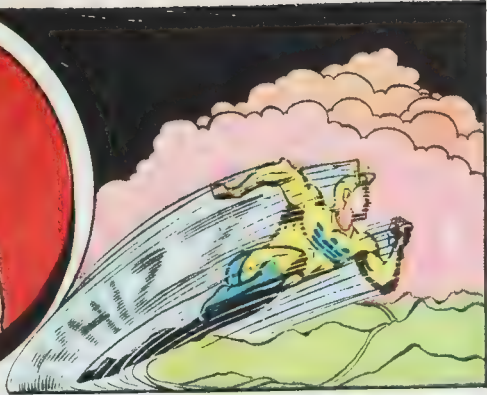
**WE** HAVE THE CONVICTS, THE WHIZZER AND A NAZI SPY! WATCH! AND SEE A WEB OF CIRCUMSTANCE DRAW THEM TOGETHER...







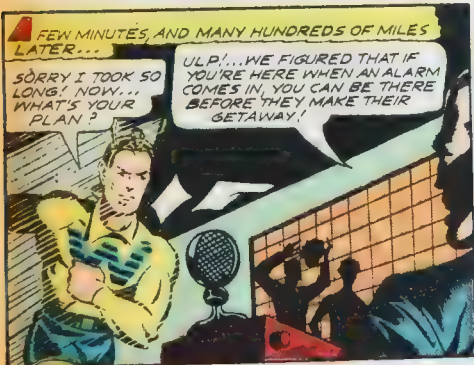
THE ROBBERIES? YES, I'VE  
HEARD OF THEM!  
...BE GLAD TO!



▲ FEW MINUTES, AND MANY HUNDREDS OF MILES  
LATER...

SORRY I TOOK SO  
LONG! NOW...  
WHAT'S YOUR  
PLAN?

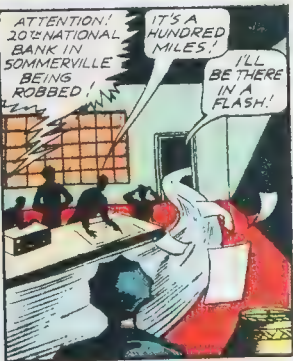
UHP!...WE FIGURED THAT IF  
YOU'RE HERE WHEN AN ALARM  
COMES IN, YOU CAN BE THERE  
BEFORE THEY MAKE THEIR  
GETAWAY!



ATTENTION!  
20th NATIONAL  
BANK IN  
SOMMERVILLE  
BEING  
ROBBED!

IT'S A  
HUNDRED  
MILES!

I'LL  
BE THERE  
IN A  
FLASH!



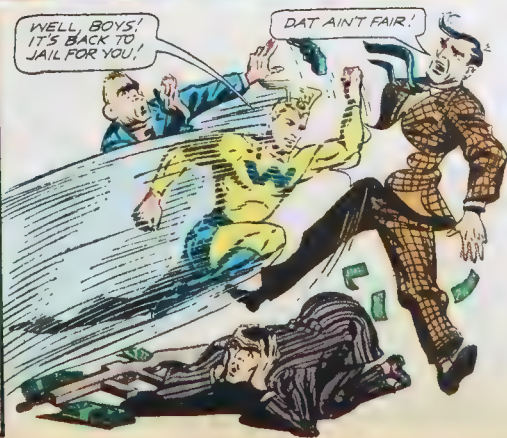
SECONDS LATER...

MOTOR'S RUNNING  
IN THAT CAR...THEY'RE  
STILL INSIDE! I'LL  
CATCH THEM FLAT-  
FOOTED!



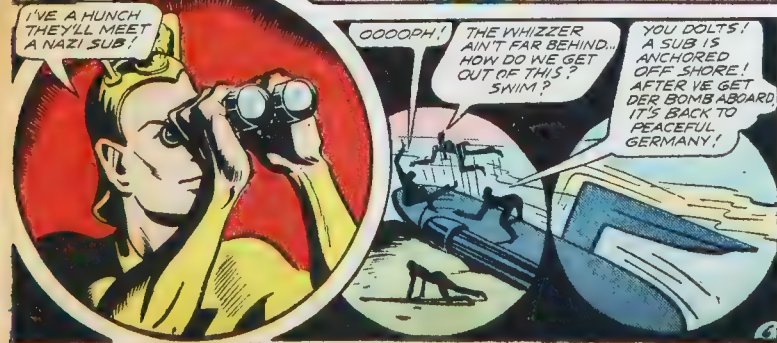
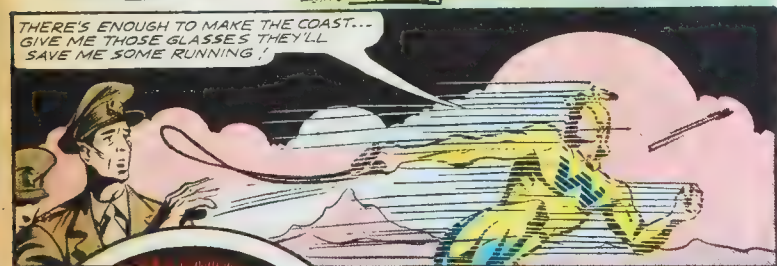
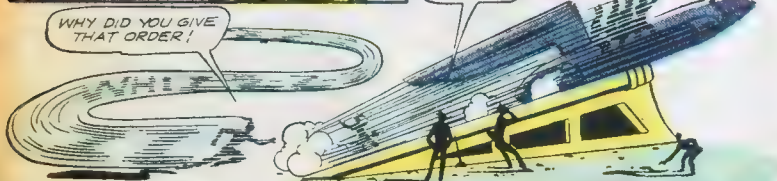
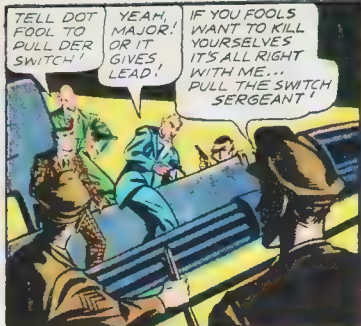
WELL, BOYS!  
IT'S BACK TO  
JAIL FOR YOU!

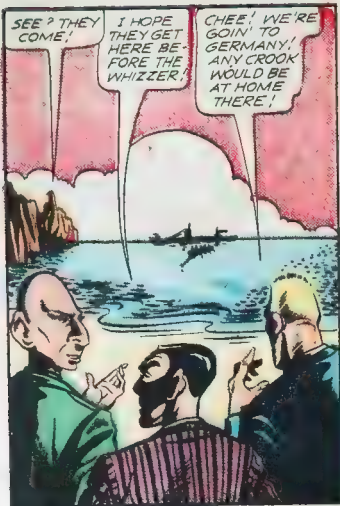
DAT AINT FAIR!













# LET'S PLAY DETECTIVE

STARRING DETECTIVE MIKE TRAPP

## JUKE BOX MURDER CASE...

**T**HE EDITORIAL OFFICE OF A NEW YORK DAILY

WELL, BRENT! NOW THAT THE CHIEF PICKED YOU FOR THE PACIFIC ASSIGNMENT--- LET'S GO DOWN TO THE PINK ELEPHANT AND DRINK TO YOUR SUCCESS!

GEE---IT'S REAL SWELL OF YOU TO TAKE IT THAT WAY, SCOTT! AFTER YOU PLANNED ON GETTING THAT JOB YOURSELF!



A FEW MINUTES LATER IN THE PINK ELEPHANT--A HANG-OUT FOR NEWSPAPER MEN---

WELL, SCOTT, BEFORE I LEAVE THE STATES, I'VE GOT TO HEAR THAT SPANISH NUMBER, "LAGAKITA"

THE BARTENDER TELLS ME, YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHOEVER PLAYS THAT RECORD!



OOH!

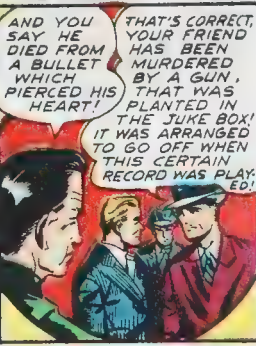
ZING



CALL A DOCTOR, SOMEONE!

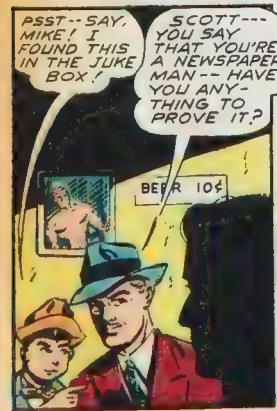
HE WON'T NEED A DOCTOR! THIS MAN IS DEAD!

LATER, THE ACE DETECTIVE, MIKE TRAPP, IS ON THE JOB!



AND YOU SAY HE DIED FROM A BULLET WHICH PIERCED HIS HEART!

THAT'S CORRECT, YOUR FRIEND HAS BEEN MURDERED BY A GUN, THAT WAS PLANTED IN THE JUKE BOX! IT WAS ARRANGED TO GO OFF WHEN THIS CERTAIN RECORD WAS PLAYED!



ASST-- SAY, MIKE! I FOUND THIS IN THE JUKE BOX!

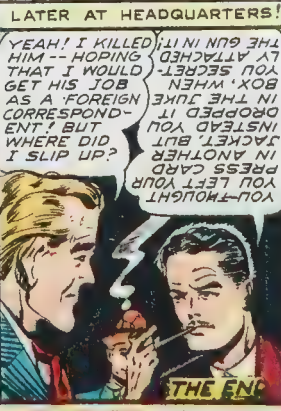
SCOTT--- YOU SAY THAT YOU'RE A NEWSPAPER MAN-- HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO PROVE IT?

BEER 10¢



--- MY PRESS CARD! GEE, I MUST HAVE LEFT IT IN MY OTHER JACKET!

SCOTT-- YOU MURDERED, BRENT CUMMINGS!



LATER AT HEADQUARTERS!

YEAH! I KILLED HIM-- HOPING THAT I WOULD GET HIS JOB AS A FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT! BUT WHERE DID I SLIP UP?

THE GUN IN THE JUKE BOX, WHEN I DROPPED IT INSTEAD OF YOUR JACKET, BUT IN ANOTHER PRESS CARD YOU LEFT YOUR

THE END



# UGLY BLACKHEADS OUT IN SECONDS

## AMAZING NEW SCIENTIFIC METHOD

If you have blackheads, you know how embarrassing they are, how they clog your pores, mar your appearance and invite criticism. Now you can solve the problem of eliminating blackheads, forever, with this amazing new VACUTEX invention. It extracts filthy blackheads in seconds, painlessly, without injuring or squeezing the skin. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum around blackhead! Cleans out hard-to-reach places in a jiffy. Germ laden fingers never touch the skin. Simply place the direction finder over blackhead, draw back extractor . . . and it's out! Release extractor and blackhead is ejected. VACUTEX does it all! Don't risk infection with old-fashioned methods. Order TODAY!

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Don't wait until embarrassing criticism makes you act. Don't risk losing out on popularity and success because of ugly dirt-clogged pores. ACT NOW! Enjoy the thrill of having a clean skin, free of pore-clogging, embarrassing blackheads. Try Vacutex for 10 days. We guarantee it to do all we claim. If you are not completely satisfied your \$1.00 will be immediately refunded.



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19 West 44th Street, New York 18, N. Y.

- ☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage. My \$1.00 will be refunded if I am not delighted.
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**RUSH COUPON**  
**10 DAY TRIAL**

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DISTANT  
SIGHTS!

BEACHES

SEA AND SKY

3

LARGE

PRECISION-  
GROUND

OPTICAL  
LENSES

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NOW—SEE GREAT OR  
SHORT DISTANCES—with  
CLOSE-UP DETAIL!

FREE CARRYING CASE  
WITH YOUR ORDER

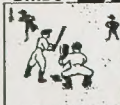
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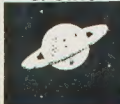
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- ☐ I am enclosing \$1.00  
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# WINNERS

Oct 07, 2015



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